disease disseased

Boston, Sabbath afternoon, Sept. 23, 1838.

My dear wife:

20 Bro. Johnson has just brought me your letter of yesterday. It seems that you have had as little rest as myself, on the score of sleep, since we parted. Until last night, when I slept alone for the first time, I have scarcely obtained any sleep. Ever since my arrival, I have been in a whirl of intellectual and moral excitement. I have had to perform considerable writing, and a great deal of talking. And, as a natural consequence, my brain almost overpowers my body. I feel nearly as badly as I did before I went to Brooklyn. My thirteen pounds of flesh will probably melt away at a somewhat rapid rate. The excitement in my head has called afresh the malignity of my scrofulous complaint. My nose is quite red and very badly swollen, and my ears discharge freely. In addition to all this, for the first time for several years, my eyes are inflamed and sore, so that it is very painful for me to read or write.

I sympathize with dear little Willie, inasmuch as his teeth are so troublesome. Do you rub his gums enough with the syrup? I wish you would give it a fair trial, for now is the time to test its efficacy. Paregoric ought to be used sparingly. In case he is very restless nights, and the syrup cannot soothe him, you can then give him enough to cause sleep.

The sudden illness of Mrs. Jackson gives me deep concern. I trust it is not unto death. If she is attended by a "regular physician," her case is more hopeless. I wish she could be persuaded to consult the "Thompsonian quack," Dr. Brown. He might, and I have no doubt would, give her much relief, without subjecting her to a full course. — But it is not to be expected that, at her advanced period of life, she can feel confidence in giving a trial of that which is every where spoken against. Give to Phebe the sympathies of my heart.

I thank you, my love, for expressing your cheerful willingness that I should engage bro. P's house. I felt sure it would be so, for you have ever manifested a desire to fall into arrangements that would be most convenient and agreeable to me. You will, I am sure, be much better pleased with the house — location and all — after we get into it, than you imagine. — Remember, you went to visit a sick woman, when every thing looked sombre and cheerless. There are several pretty roads in the Court, very nicely kept, the handsomest of which directly

bro. P's house. As for the rooms in the house, they are precisely, in size and number, what we desire; and all of them more neatly furnished than we should have made them. The upper rooms are very pleasant, especially those in the back part of the house. The back yard is a much better one (though small) than Lucy's, where Frederick and George can play together, without being able to get into the street. There is an immense grape vine, covering nearly the whole yard, loaded down with grapes, which will be at our disposal; so that we and our friends can have quite a treat. I regard the retirement of the situation as very desirable. Even sister Anna will not object to tarrying with us, under such circumstances.

With regard to your returning home, I have only to say, that I long to see you and the children, and also wish to be settled in our affairs without unnecessary delay; that I wish you to do just as you feel disposed — either to prolong or shorten your visit. Bro. P. says we may go into his house any day this week. I wrote a letter last night to sister Mary, and gave directions to have Cecelia leave Brooklyn on Thursday or Saturday next — telling her to leave on Thursday, if she could make it convenient. Perhaps she will not be able to come immediately; but you need not wait for her — for there is an excellent colored woman living with bro. P., who has been with him a long time, and of whom he speaks very highly, who will cook for us until she comes. Should you wish, under these circumstances, to return immediately, please write to-morrow, so that if you conclude to come on Wednesday morning, I may be at the depot to receive you. Mrs. Southwick is very urgent to have you stay a few days with her — but it will not be convenient. To-morrow I shall commence getting in wood and coal, and on Tuesday, potatoes, flour, and other articles. I shall write to sister Sarah to-morrow, and tell her we shall rejoice to see her at our house in the course of all this week, or whenever her visit at Scituate expires. She has promised to stop with us awhile, and then let mother take her place. Next week, Tuesday, I must attend the Young Men's A. S. Convention at Worcester; and therefore I wish to have every thing settled this week. Tell Phebe

that circumstances are such as must prevent your intended visit to her house. I do not wish you to come on Wednesday, unless it is also your desire. Should you remain till Friday, perhaps Cecelia would be able to come on with you; but it is somewhat uncertain, whether she will be able to leave Brooklyn as early as Thursday.

Wm. Chace probably saw you last evening, and told you about bro. George's leaving, with little Anne, &c.

It was a bright and warm day, yesterday, like one in June. To day it is raining dismally. I have been on the bed nearly all day, endeavring to recover my lost sleep. This evening I am going, with bro. Johnson's, to Mrs. Chapman's. We are a Publishing Committee, to prepare the doings of the Peace Convention for publication. That Convention is making a great deal of talk.

I have not had time to converse ten minutes with friend Knapp, since I came to the city; hence, nothing has been said about boarding him and his wife. It happens, very fortunately, that bro. Phelps's lease forbids any one occupying the house to take any boarders. This will settle the matter, without leaving room for any bad thoughts.

I shall depend upon hearing from you by Tuesday's mail.

Yours, lovingly,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single.

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,

Care of Henry Anthony,

7 Benevolent-Street,

Providence, R. I.